"FELICE NOTTE!" By Irene Putnam God send the little golden bees of sleep
To murmur in the blossom of your ear
Their gentle summer music, hushed and deep.
Their softest slumber-songs to you, my dear!

And may the gypsy, fortune-telling dreams
Draw you beneath their painted tent and take
Your palm and tell you fortunes, rosy gleams
Too sweet to be remembered when you wake.

Once may your hyacinthine lids unfold
Calm in the pleasant glory of the moon.
The happiest stars in heaven may you behold,
And pray, and sigh for joy, and slumber soo

WHEN LOVE'S A-SIGHING.

It is all over. Our engagement is broken, and the only thing I can do is to make the best of it. There is no alternative. She will never take me back again-but I shall always, always, always love her. And to have lest her! Even now I do not know quite how it happened. I suppose it was my insane jealousy. But that was only ecause I loved her so. It has always irritated ne beyond measure to see Jack Willis devoting himself to her, trying to win that which was another man's, especially as that other man was myself. So I have no doubt that I behaved abominably, for I felt sure he would keep on with his detestable attentions after she was my wife. My wife-

Oh Rosamond, Rosamond! My Rosamond never more! . . . The beautiful days are gone. The love dream is past. I dare not look into the future, and it is madness to turn back to that which can pever come again.

I am bewildered and heartsick. . . . This is the only day away from time that I can have in which to pull myself together. To-morrow I must face the club, and that means the world. To-day I can allow myself the luxury of thought, the dreary sweetness of memory, the bitterness of despair. To-morrow all this must be hidden so no one will be able to guess whether or not "It has gone hard with Dick." Yet, after all, the world will forget it in a few days. . . . Would that I could too!

And she? . . . If she would only take me back again! I would go to her and humble myself to any extent if it would move her in the least. Some women would be more yielding. Rosa-mond takes things too seriously. Of course, I knew that she was as true as steel-still I wanted to be reassured. I wanted her to come me and put her arms around my neck and call me her dear, foolish boy, and kiss me and pet me, and tell me that Jack Willis was an odious, empty-headed egoist, a vain, sentimental dabbler in poetry, without even a reflected ray of some borrowed spark of genius. A vile worm of the dust, not worthy to crawl along a path trodden by my valet in a pair of my cast-off

Instead of which, she stood very tall and fair and stately, and I felt myself wither and shrivel up under her steady gaze. (To be perfectly honest, I must say that Jack's volume of verses has made quite a hit in literary circles-though I cannot see anything very extraordinary about

But I was jealous and I was unreasonable, for I knew that Rosamond might well be thinking of my three waltzes with Kathle Perkins-but that had only been to make Rosamond jealous and so balance accounts.

So, instead of going across the room to her begging her forgiveness, I began to fretand fuss, I suppose-until I had worked myself into a passion, especially felt when she took sides for Jack against me, and said that he was unusually gifted and agreeable. . . . If she had only indulged me a little! For a man craves the luxury of sometimes sulking for the sake of being cajoled into better nature by an extrava gant show of affection.

But Rosamond simply stood calm and white fore me, with compressed lips, and with such a look of hopelessness and dumb entreaty that I could have cast myself at her feet. Some absurd feeling that she scorned me kept me from soing so . . . and that was the way I left her. I in bitterness, she? . . .

Good God! I would go to her and lay bare my very soul if she would only take me back-but she will not.

This is the end of two years of love. Love as true as was ever given woman. This is the end of five months of happiness. Happiness as complete as was ever given man. In a few more

Now I have not the right to hold her hand. I shall never take her in my arms again. I shall never see her beautiful head droop until it rests against my breast and I kiss her fair hair. The color will never come and go at my approach, nor that wonderful light in her eyes ever shine for me. Ah, Rosamond!

The sweet companionship has forever gone from my life. I am alone.

I fancied I could perhaps ease my mind by writing out my thoughts, after the fashion of again, but we probably shall not, for we were people in bookland, but that is impossible. The one thing that continually grinds and grinds itself through my brain is. "I love Rosamond and I have lost her . . . and that is breaking my heart"-which written here looks so meaningless and feeble that I find no solace in making a confidant of my journal. May 23.

I went to the club last night, but the men were either a little constrained or unnaturally cheerful in trying to conceal their sympathy from me, so I shall not go there again until that is worn off. How is a man to dissemble when his heart is like lead in his breast, and his brain is benumbed with unhappiness? Ah, the world is so black and life is such a dreary thing! I haven't many virtues, but I am not enough of a cad or a beast to try to drown my wretchedness in the flowing bowl-besides, I do not care to supplement an aching heart with an aching head.

May 25. I went to the theatre last night, only to come away at the end of the first act. Last year, when Irving was here, Mrs. Scott-Jenkyn gave a theatre party. I remembered how much more attention I gave Rosamond's profile than to the fortunes of a Becket, and Rosamond's air was that of one a little distracted from that which was supposed to be interesting behind the footlights. . . . It is so odd now to go anywhere

May 27. Tried the last symphony concert, but the music stirred up the devil of a tragedy in me. Violins have such an agonizing way of playing with your emotions until your heart swells as if it would burst. . . Still, these concerts have been rather joyous occasions. Will it always be "have been," "have been"-or everything that

continually emphasizes the wretched present.

May 29. Dropped in at the club last night, but I have been absent so much this last year that I could not get into the swing of it. If it were not so cowardly I should leave town, run away, anything to escape associations. I cannot go by the florist's or the bookstore without thinking that I shall never send Rosamond any more flowers or from the others, into the dear, dim library, and

books. And the art exhibitions! How I shall miss talking the latest things over with her. She loved music so! Her voice was so full-toned and sweet. . . . And we shall never drift away sit by the open fire. . . . What a look of love I surprised in her eyes that night-can it be posle that she can drop all this without a quiver? And last summer, how everything seemed made new for us. The sky was never so blue, the grass never so green, the air never so full of inoxicating fragrance, and the sun was never so bright. The birds, the flowers, the sea-her smile

my heart-the rapture of living! . . . have simply got to run away. I saw Rosa nd to-day as she was driving in the Park. er. Neither pleasure nor regret. I thought was a little pale. Now I know that I must

go where I cannot run the risk of daily meeting her. I am beaten. I cannot rull myself together again. In spite of the fact that I have gone over this whole thing again and again-her love and mine, and the end-I cannot face the old associations nor her. My future is about all I can face now. I wonder whether or not she cares. If she misses the old days? If she misses me? If her life is as complete? If she thinks of me? . . I am goaded to desperation by the old truism repeating itself forever in my thoughts, "Brief as woman's love." Man's is enduring enough!

If hell is a place of torture, I was in it last night. Any one who has been there knows what I mean. At any former time, under other circumstances, it would have been heaven. I reread all Rosamond's notes and letters-those dear letters that have been read and reread before, and kissed again and again. Letters so full of tenderness and self-surrender, of passion and love for me . . . and I burned them. I made packet of her pictures, excepting the miniature she gave me a month ago, and addressed it to her. Then I spent the night with detached sentences from her letters repeating themselves in

June 13.

I have turned my back upon the world-for she was all the world to me. I suppose it is the coward in my nature that has asserted itself, and refuses to try to be brave without the same inspiration. With her, I could have conquered worlds, though, to be truthful, about all I cared to do was to dawdle at her feet. . . . Those days are gone. And, since the light of her eyes is withheld from me, I dare say my steps may turn

Rather a monotonous voyage. Not many people one would know crossing as late as this. The weather has been fairly good, though there is a stiff breeze to-day, which makes it disagreeable on deck. However, there is one little passenger who does not seem to mind the weather if the wind does blow. Most women dislike blowy days, the wind disarranges their hair so, but when a breeze only adds to a girl's charm, she would be foolish to object to a dishevelled appearance. This little brunette has such soft, pretty locks that toss about 'er forehead and curl about her ears all the more bewitchingly when driven by the gale.

Her name is Betty Raymond. It suits her so well, she is such a bright, coquettish, dainty little creature. Her mother is a sort of invalid, and I found I could be of use to them in moving her steamer chair to a more sheltered place this morning. Four days out! Four days away from home

and Rosamond! But I do not like to think about it. It is a man's duty to be self-reliant and

Mrs. Raymond bowed to me so cordially that I crossed the deck to talk with her. The weather is decidedly nasty, but Betty does not seem to mind it. Her hair only curls the prettier in the mist and dampness, which makes a decided contrast to the stringy locks of the other women. It makes them look grumpy. Weather unfavor able to well-curled fringes is one of the things a usual woman cannot rise above. I am positive that Betty is a coquette, and a very charming one, too. She has wonderful purplish blue eyes and long curling lashes, a white skin and dusky hair. She has, in fact, a bewildering way of suddenly looking a man full in his eyes, then as suddenly look down, so that the long lashes positively shadow her cheeks. Rosamond was always above feminine tricks. Well, she did not need

In a few more hours our voyage will be over and I am to continue my wanderings. Last night Mrs. Raymond gave me permission to take Betty on deck, and we walked up and down, up and down, in the mist. She wore the collar of her ulster turned up to the tips of her ears, so that a part of the pretty curls were imprisoned. One strand of hair blew about in a very riotous fashion and touched my cheek-but I do not think that she was conscious of it. It was really quite pleasant—the walk, I mean—and helped me forget the bitter past. We talked of all sorts of things. She is very clever. Then we went downstairs and she brought me a volume of sonnets to read to her. It choked me a little, for they were the very ones I used to read to Rosamond last summer. There was one I fancied I could never read to any one else . . queer Betty should have chosen it. . . .

June 26. We said goodby to-day, and I am about to take up my weary march through European cities, cathedrals and art galleries. It is not a very blithesome thing to do, considering the fact that it was with Rosamond I expected to see them this summer. Mrs. Raymond and Betty go to Holland. They hoped we should meet only birds of passage together.

There has been little to write, in spite of the fact that several weeks have gone by. I find it rather dreary by myself, and often wish I had taken advantage of Mrs. Raymond's suggestion to spend a month in Holland. I am tempted to go to Antwerp, as they may have gone there from Dordrecht by this time, though I should probably miss them. It was so imbecile of me not to know their address and plans more definitely. Still it is without doubt a matter of indifference to them whether I join them or stay here in Wiesbaden,

Antwerp, August 29. Well, well, this is luck! Whom should I meet to-day in the Plantin Court but Betty, with, I regret to say, a German count . . . von Statt, I think she said. He glared at me, and well he might, for Betty's greeting was very cordial, and I fancled the surprise-could it have been pleasure?-brought a dash of red to her cheeks. Then Mrs. Raymond seemed suddenly to appear from the midst of the vines, and we all wandered around together for a delightful hour.

August 31. Ah, me! Summer is nearly over. I am sorry. Antwerp is certainly a most charming old place. I could linger here for months provided the days went as agreeably as these last two. It helps me forget the unpleasant past. I only wish I had come here before. Yes, Antwerp is most charming.

charming.

Mrs. Raymond has allowed Betty to play guide, so she has shown me her favorite paintings and the most historic spots. Someway I feei that it is a little unfair in me to feign so much interest in Dutch art, for I really care very little about it. But Betty never bores one by expecting a rapturous pose of mind, as it were, over these old Flemish treasures. It is a great relief to get off my stilts and feel my feet once more. I did not realize it at the time, but Rosamond kept me rather keyed up to her ideals. Betty understands men better and idealizes less. Her merry glance seems to say, "I take you men Her merry glance seems to say, "I take you men for what you are, and intend to get a good share of my amusement from you."

of my amusement from you.

September 4.

I cannot understand whether Betty is playing with me or not. She is perfectly open in her coquetry, and accepts devotion as if it were her right, as it most certainly is. She does not seem to bother her pretty head about love or constancy, so I am uncertain as to how much her smiles and fleeting sidelong glances at Graff von Statt mean. He is extraordinarily handsome, with most eloquently sentimental eyes. His manners unmistakably suggest familiarity with court life, yet I hear that he is rather impoverished and is on the lookout for a rich wife, whose money will put his estates in order. Notwithstanding his irresistible manner, I presume he is more or less a blackguard and would bully his wife, though I cannot imagine any one bullying Betty, not even a Count. She has too much spirit. Queer, but I find it dictasteful to speculate about Betty's marrying von Statt.

September 6. I cannot watch this thing much longer.

Betty is a little torment. So different from Rosamond. . . . I cannot stay here any longer. I shall go to her this evening and tell her so.

I can hardly believe it. Betty loves me. When I went to her and told her that I had come to

say goodby, there must have been something significant in my manner, for though she made a brave rally she was taken unawares. The color suddenly left her cheeks, and I saw her fingers close tight around her fan. Then I made brave to say something—and she sank in my arms with a little glad cry. Yes, she loves me. Dear little Betty! She clung about my heek in absolute self-surrender, and was so gentle and tender that I wondered if the saucy, spirited, mischlef-loving Betty had suddenly fled away forever. Queer how it is with such natures when they really give themselves up to loving. I expected she would lead me a sorry dance—she may yet, though now she is all softness and sweetness. It was just the opposite with Rosamond when love awoke her. She seemed radiant with a new life—but it is hardly fitting that I should remember that now. Betty goes about with dreams in her eyes, instead of the merr: flash of light. It is so new and strange, and tells me more truly than her sweet professations that she never loved be-fore. ner sweet protestations that she never loved be-

Ah, well-a-day! I wish she would not search me with troubled glances and ask me if she is the only one—and will always be the only one. Of course she will!

Betty asked me this morning if I were sure I had never even fancied myself in love before. If I were quite sure I love her... so I had to tell her that I had been engaged for a little while, but that we were not suited to each other, and fortunately found it out before it was too late. I knew I must tell her, though it made me feel like a brute, for it seems to trouble her... She wants to feel that she is the Only One:... rut I tell her not to hold me responsible for that which happened before I saw her. She seems to think if I have loved once and gotten over it, it may happen again, and if it should—then she half-sobbed in a frightened way that made me feel queer. She is wonderfully sympathetic. She told me of a letter she had just received from an old boarding-school friend whose engagement was broken last spring. She had waited all this time before writing to Betty, and that made her think that it had gone pretty deep. Betty seed she had never realized before what a time before writing to Betty, and that made her think that it had gone pretty deep. Betty said she had never realized before what a broken engagement meant. . . If it were she, she should die! Was I sure the girl did not suffer? Her letter before this one was

she, she should die! Was I sure the girl did not suffer? Her letter before this one was radiant with happiness. She was just engaged then. . . I told Betty not to trouble, for probably the girl didn't mind it much. . . . I fancied that coquettes were different. It rather embarrasses me. I try to laugh away her fears, and told her that men never marry their first love. Why, when I was only seventeen I fell violently in love with a very old girl. It is always so A how's homage to womanteen I fell violently in love with a very old gain.

It is always so. A boy's homage to womanhood and beauty, I suppose. And I must confess that I did fancy myself in love with Rosamand. . . . But Betty and I are just suited to each others. She goes to Paris to-morrow with her mother, to order trousseau. We have taken passage for New-York, and are to be married in October.

Paris, September 22.

married in October.

Paris, September 22.

I could not stay any longer. It was so unspeakably lonely without Betty. And even here the modiste is more blessed with her society than I. When shall we have another quiet hour together?

She says she has written the lovellest girl in the world asking her to be one of her bridesmaids, and she is in an agony of suspense lest I fall in love with her. as if that were possible! I suppose I ought to tell her a little more about Rosamond.

At Sea, October 9.
We are almost home. Last night Betty and I We are almost home. Last night Betty and I came up on deck. It gave me rather a solemn feeling to be in the midst of the ocean, so many miles from land, with only the stars above, and the waves below, beating against the ship. I began to tell Betty that I was not worthy of her, but she would not listen to it, and some way I could not go on. Strange she has never asked me the name of the girl to when I was engaged. Sometimes I think she does not wish to know that it may seem less true, or that she that it may seem less true, or that she will be less troubled by memories. Women find it so hard to forget the very things that would be far better forgotten.

New-York, October 11.

Betty is taken possession of by an addring circle of friends, and I seem to have no respected privileges. I can hardly see her. But in two weeks she will be my wife. my wife! Then I shall take her away from themaway "to the land east of the sun and west of the men."

At Home, October 15.

It was useless to stay in New-York, for I could have only such tantalizingly brief glimpses of Betty. Here, I am made happy by her letters. Poor little girl seems to be disappointed about her first bridesmald. We are to be married one week from Wednesday. The news of engagement was cabled home. I looked in at the club last night, but the men will be more enthusiastic in their congratulations when the

Well, I should say! I have escaped a fine smash-up. Betty's bridesmald was to be Rosa-mond! But Rosamond salis for Italy to-morrow mond: But Rosamond sails for Italy to-morrow
—which is considerate of her. Betty asks me if
I knew her well . . . and was saving the
situation as a grand surprise. I should say!
The dear little innocent! I must tell her—but I
cannot now. By and by when she will not mind
it so much—for a man's past is past . . .
Dear little Betty!

to the steamer. I wasn't in the least shaken. Her looks have gone off a little. I go to New-York to-morrow. . . Think I will burn this journal now—it is absurd for a man to keep one.

THEY HOOKED A SEA LION.

THE TALE OF TWO FISHERS AND THEIR WON-DROUS BITE

From The Xazuma (Wash.) Post.

Last Monday, while Comrade Ewing and son Willtam were fishing in a small boat just inside the bar
at the month of the bay, one of their big hooks, to
which was attached a small line, accidentally caugh;
a "fish," which started off at a terrible pace before
William could get a twist on the line to stop it.
When he did eventually succeed in making the line
fast, the "pull" stopped instantly, but a moment
later he "ish" popped out of the water, and, with
bellows that echoed and re-echoed along old occan's
shores, made for the small boat at a 202 gait, bellowing and lashing the water in awful rage at every
jump. Consider the case of the two handsome
orphans, a long ways from land and home and
kindred, and only a couple of oars aplece with
which to defend themselves from the rage of a
"fish" which they now discovered to be a sea lion
of the thousand-pound variety. It was a case where
something had to be done in a hurry, and they
hustled the oars into the water and splashed the
bosom of the mighty deep until the boat rocked as
if in a mighty storm, while their yells ostrivalled
anything they had ever put up.

Anyhow, the wild circus so astenished the sea lion
that he turned tail, and, instead of wrecking the frail
boat, he "dug down" into the water and fied out
over the bar. But in his rapid flight he soon took up
the slack in the line, and, finding the hook still fixed
in his anatomy, and proving a great drawback to his
peace of mind, he seemed to forget, through pain,
his scare of the previous moment, and made another
grand rush for the boat, bellowing like mad and
beating the water into a great foam. But the beleaguered fishermen were "outo their job" and ralsed
such a pandemonium of sounds upon his approach
that he again fled; and so the "retreat and fall
back" fight raged for about an hour and then the
lion "broke" for the "deep blue sea," much to the
gratification of the entire boat's crew, who had been
engaged in more prolonged, energetic and exhaustive
labor than they had From The Xazuma (Wash.) Post.

THE DEAFNESS OF WHITE CATS. From The Washington Star.

From The Washington Star.

"Though I had often heard of it, I never was fully satisfied that all white cats are naturally deaf until recently," said a scientific gentleman, who devotes considerable of his time to experimenting with the lower order of animals. "I was aware that Professor Bell, in his original experiments in connection with the telephone, had ascertained and stated that his experience with white cats was that they were all either deaf or very deficient in hearing, and that other experimenters in the same direction had reached similar conclusions. To satisfy myself I recently secured in all twenty-three white cats, and experimented on them, one at a time.

"In every case I found them stone deaf. In carrying the experiment further I found that white dogs and white horses are deficient in hearing, and that many of them are entirely deaf. So are white rats and white mice, I am confident I do not overstate it in regard to white cats, though I have only personally experimented with twenty-three, and, of course, can only speak positively in regard to them. I don't hazard much, however, when I make the bold statement that all white cats are deaf."

"MOST UNIQUE," INDEED.

"MOST UNIQUE," INDEED.

From The Florida Times-Union.

Chief of Police Keefe has in his possession probably the most unique weapon ever seen in the city of Jackschwille. It is a combination double-barrelled pistol and bowie, and was used in Missouri by a "Regulator" when that State was going through the throes of the pro and anti-slavery discussion.

The blade of the bowie is about twelve inches long, and protrudes from a hilt between two small pistol barrels, each about its inches long. The hilt and the hammers are one and the same. When the hilt is cocked into position, two triggers, concealed in the stock, come forth, and then the weapon is ready for business, with both barrels and twelve inches of cold steel.

A number of men. it is said, belonging to one organization in Missouri, were armed with these weapons, which were secured direct from Paris. This one in particular seems to be almost new.

MODERN FURNITURE.

HOW IT REVEALS ITS OWNER.

THE WISDOM OF BUYING ONLY SUCH FURNITURE AS IS NECESSARY-THE VARIOUS BEAUTIFUL

EST FAULT IN MODERN WORK. m The Magazine of Art.

From The Magazine of Art.

The furniture of a living room is such patent evidence for or against its owner that the indifference with which it is sometimes treated is matter for reflection. It is not a question of money, for a plain rush chair will tell of refinement quite as well as the rarest Spanish leather. It is a question of what the owner thinks beautiful and desirable. You may take in at a glance his habits of life; suggestions of his belongings and antecedents, of all the many streams of thought and circumstance that meet in his individuality, flash upon you from these silent witnesses. In the dainty iniald cabinet and the tortoise-shell frame there is evidence of the fasticious taste of the scholar and the artist; and, again, in the penderous glit mirror and the false lines of the sofa, sinuous and unreasonable as the paths of the villa garden, there is proof positive of imperfect sensibility, of a certain callousness which results from a poorty gifted nature. The power of design and the skill of workmanship necessary to make really beautiful furniture is rare, but hardly less

one's knuckles. But there is something more than this to be looked to. Furniture should not only admit of easy handling, but it should look as if it admitted of it.

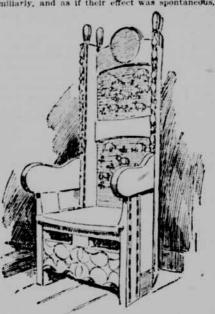
There is pleasure in the actual feel of well-designed woodwork; the lines of it are gracious and kindly, and wood which can be pared and shaved to any shape lends itself to this of its own nature. It is for this reason of handling that inlay and marquetry are better suited for the decoration of furniture than carving. They do not interfere at all with the surface of the wood. They are quite as durable as carving if properly done, and less expensive, and they help the color without interfering with the form. The coffer designed by Mr. Jack, and executed by Morris & Co., is a very beautiful instance of modern marquetry, and indeed is one of the finest pleces of furniture executed in England since the last ceatury.

The question of painted furniture—that is, furniture painted with figure or other subjects—is difficult. Some very beautiful work has been done in this way, such as the Italian cassoni, or the coffer painted by Mr. Burne-Jones, shown at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition in 1889; but these are works of great price, and I do not think work of this sort is worth doing unless it is really first-rate, and the necessary expense of this would place it out of the reach of most people. Moreover, decoration so costly would make the piece of furniture to precious for any but the most careful handling. Decoration of this sort, and also such sumptuous and beautiful surfaces as that of Vernis Martin, seem to be only fitted for great houses; and for ordinary life the natural wood, or the wood plain painted, seem most reasonable. One exception, however, might be made in favor of simple lacquers, such as



rare is the faculty of appreciation. Once on a time good taste was traditional, not even conditional on birth and breeding, but nowadays it has to be laborlously acquired, and one cannot expect to see any general average of excellence in modern furniture till there is a serious demand for it and some intelligence as to its proper use.

Two conditions, in fact, are necessary to a well-furnished room. Not only must the furriture be good in itself but it must be chosen and arranged with knowledge. Now, the most obvious end in furnishing a room is one's personal comfort, and, considered from this point of view, it is quite astonishing what discomfort the patient citizen will endure in his anxiety that he and his belongings should be as other men's are. Why have ornaments which, instead of helping, contradict each other? Why break up the room with a number of islands that make any movement difficult? Why loop up curtains which keep out draughts, which seriously diminish the acoustle properties of a room and which undoublealy harbor a very great quantity of dust? Where is the common sense of it all, to say nothing of beauty? Contrast any old interior, and there is manifest difference, not only in the furniture, but still more clearly in the habit of mind of its inmates. In the familiar 'St, Jerome, in the National Gellery, the walls are simply divided into three spaces with wooden rails; a low bench runs round the sides, with a hanging of green cloth at the back, the walls are simply divided into three spaces with wooden rails; a low bench runs round; the sides, with a hanging of green cloth at the back, the walls are simply divided into three spaces with wooden rails; a low bench runs round; the sides, with a hanging of green cloth at the back, the walls are simply divided into three spaces with wooden rails; a low bench runs round; the sides, with a hanging of green cloth at the back, the walls are simply divided into three spaces with wooden rails; a low bench runs round the sides of spaceausness fills the entire



OAK INLAID CHAIR, DESIGNED BY W. R.

LETHABY.

almost natural, in its harmony; and the furniture was clearly dictated by use, as against furniture dictated by the vanity either of the designer or the owner. Therefore, no more furniture was placed in the room than was necessary, and the quantity of furniture required being very much less, its quality could be very much better.

The idea of paying what is relatively a large sum of money for a single choice piece of furniture seems very preposterous to the modern buyer, unless the piece has a collector's value or has been rat upon by some eminent or notorious person. He will pay for a picture, rarely for a bronze or piece of statuary, but seldom for an individual bit of modern furniture, however delicate its design and workmanship. Yet the owners of these interiors which we admire in the old masters did undoubtedly pay large sums for their cabinets and tables; and it is a suggestive fact that the furniture which they bought was new furniture, for in all these pictures one finds that the painter painted not old, but contemporary furniture, whereas the modern genre painter seldom paints the furniture of everyday life, but goes for his studies to the nearest museum.

As a conclusion from these reflections I would

genre painter seldom paints the furniture of every-day life, but goes for his studies to the nearest museum.

As a conclusion from these reflections I would suggest—first, that it is wise to buy only such furniture as is necessary. Second, as this will cut the quantity of furniture nearly in half, more can be spent on its workmanship; each piece of furniture will be a possession of value, something worthy of that personal attachment which makes a house a home instead of a lodging-house. Third, and also in consequence of this decrease of quantity, there will be room to move about freely, and each piece of furniture will help to set off every other instead of festling with it for standing from. As to furniture itself, there are certain considerations which apply to all furniture. In the first place, it must answer the purpose for which it is made. A chair, for instance, is meant to sit on, but if it is so small or so narrow, or generally so angular and uncomfortable, that to sit on it at all is a weariness of fiesh, it clearly is a bad chair, though it has a sent of brocade and its back is inlaid with silver and gold. That furniture should be thoroughly well made goes without saying, though this point is systematically ignored in cheap modern furniture, in which nails and the gluepot take the place of mortices and dovetails, and what professes to be hardwood furniture, such as rose-wood or oak, is formed of a thin veneer of common deal.

Another point to be remembered is that furniture

wood or oak, is formed of a thin veneer of common deal.

Another point to be remembered is that furniture has to be constantly handled, and that when a piece of furniture has its angles and its corners covered with carving it is distinctly unpleasant to handle; besides, the carving will be knocked off—which, by the way, is the best thing that could happen to it. It is not difficult to find instances of sideboards and similar furniture so encrusted with carving that no one can touch them with impunity, and the natural surface of the wood hardly appears at all. As a complete contrast to this in their unaffected simplicity, I give an illustration of a sideboard by Mr. Gimson and of another by Mr. Voysey. If there is to be any carving on the furniture, let it at least the out of the way, where it can do no harm to any

were used in the last century to decorate clock cases and corner cupboards. These are very charming, and their use need not be particularly costly. Perhaps the commonest fault in modern furniture is that the wood is very badly treated and left so little to itself. The trade has recently swung back to revivals of eighteenth century work—Louis Selze, or whatever it may be; but before this an attempt was made at modern furniture, and terrible stuff it was. The wood was scored backward and forward with little sets of beids and moldings, and chamfered and stop-chamfered and grooved and pinched, and prevented as much as possible from showing its natural self. This is not the way to bring out the best qualities of a material like wood, which can only show itself in plain surfaces, and which should only be cut into moldings where the design calls for some additional emphasis of light and shad, or some particular insistence on lines, as, for instance, in the cornice and base-mould of a cabinet. The maltreatment of wood, the con-

THE PLAN TO SUPPLY A LONG-FEL? WANT IN THE SICK-ROOM APPROVED BY MANY PROMINENT PHYSICIANS. which in two months' time will enable its pupils to become "trained attendants for the sick" is one

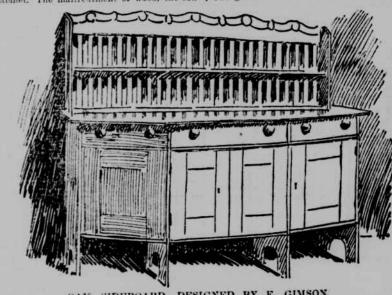
which should arouse much interest. Such a notice was sent forth a few days ago in regard to classes which will begin their work at the United Charities Building, No. 105 East Twenty-second-st., on October 12. The question of how the sick may best be cared

INSTRUCTION FOR NURSES

A COURSE TO BE OP NED AT THE UNIT.

CHARITIES BUILDING.

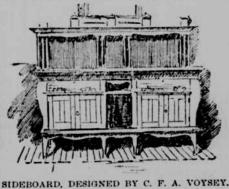
for has always been a vexed one. It has been partly solved by the education of hundreds of young women as trained nurses in the schools connected with the various hospitals. In all seri-ous cases of illness physicians now recommend ous cases of illness physicians now recommend and even insist upon the attendance of a regularly trained hospital nurse. Where the patient is ab-solutely unable to pay the high salaries which these nurses command, the only other course open is to procute his or her admittance to a hospital. But there are a vast number of occasions when the illness is not of a dangerous character; when all the sick person needs is to be waited upon by a constant and watchful nurse, who understands, in the main, what things are to be done, and how to do them. The lot of giving such attendance frequently falls to some member of the patient's family. Even where expense is not an item to be considered, this is often the case, owing to a prejudice, unreasonable, to be sure, but still a prejudice, which many people have in regard to professional nurses. Under such circumstances life is anything but easy for the relative who undertakes to perform the services required. She must be up early and late, ready to respond to the slightest wish of the patient, keep watch of the time to administer the medicines, prepare the food and give the countless little attentions, too numer-ous to be detailed, but which thoroughly occupy a nurse's time. More than this, she must keep a cheerful manner through it all, and act as if were a pleasure to humor the whims of an irritable invalid or convalescent. People do not half appre ciate, as a rule, the sacrifices made by some of these amateur nurses. One person who did, however, sent some flowers recently, not to the patient but to the hard-worked sister who was taking the part of attendant. Some surprise was expressed at this thoughtfulness for a well person instead of for the one who usually demands sympathy, but there is no doubt that the roses went to the right place.
The course of instruction at the United Charitie Building is intended not only for those who wish to become professional attendants, but for wome who desire to be taught the proper methods o nursing, so far as that can be done in two mon that they may be able to give better assistance to the sick of their own families. The best way of doing such things are usually also the east in the long run, so that by taking such a course the amateur nurse would save herself much troub and indecision and many unfortunate mistake The professional attendants, when graduate placing their aid within the reach of many peop who could not afford the \$20 or \$25 which is the salary of the professional trained nurse. It is sired by the committee in charge of the above course that this fact should be clearly under The graduates from this two months



decration of the room. He whose is answering the I should say state tell her—but I should say she will not mind at is past.

October 23, is she was driving cleant shaken. Her I go to New York in these interiors an entirely different attraction to the cold-fashioned directed furniture. For instance, the sheeme of which constitutes the chief difficulty of the sheeme of which constitutes the chief difficulty of the sheeme of which constitutes the chief difficulty of the sheeme of which constitutes the chief difficulty in the sheeme of the ignorance of its possibilities, are clearly shown in moders celestastical designs to design and one chief the sheem of the inner sheeme of which constitutes the chief difficulty in the sheem of the inner sheeme of the inner sheeme of which constitutes the chief difficulty in the sheeme of the inner sheeme of the inner

ible. In many a wealthy household the only really In many a wealthy household the only really satisfactory pieces of furniture in the house are the kitchen dresser and the kitchen table, because there is no pretension about them, and they perfectly answer their purpose. So, too, in regard to the upholstery of chairs and sofas. What commonsense is there in covering them with velvets and 'saddle-bag' carpe's when the atmosphere of any big town is charged with soot and microbes and bacill, and many other unnamed horrors which find in the saddle-bag carpet an unassallable resting-place? The horsehair of our great-grand-father was at least inoffensive and clean. In this, as in everything else connected with the art of the day, the two great principles of reasonableness and simplicity are at once the most forgotten and the most deserving of monors. But the fashion lies in another



direction, and by a remarkable inversion the public have handed over the arbitrament of fashion to the furniture dealer and the auctioneer. One can offer no rules for the design or the choice or arrangement of furniture, but the following four simple tests any one can apply: The furniture should answer its purpose, be well made, easily handled, and set off to the best advantage the beauty of the wood. It is not easy to design or to understand beautiful furniture, but the first step toward it is to part company with a host of conventional notions as to propriety and beauty. Art is a somewhat exacting mistress, and will certainly refuse to play second fiddle to sham respectability and opulent ignorance.

AMERICAN HARDWOODS IN EUROPE. From Garden and Forest.

From Garden and Forest.

The demand for American hardwoods in Europe is growing, and oak leads the foreign shipments, although tulip, poplar, ash, gum and black wainut, whenever a good quality can be secured, are in some demand. European consumers like the quality of American oak, and, since it is known to be plentiful here, it will probably be in increasing demand. Cottonwood has been shipped to Germany in considerable quantities, where cheap wood is required for furniture and other uses. Much of this lumber is forwarded from New-Orleans, and since a great part of the oak, ash, poplar, cottonwood and other timbers demanded by the foreign market is in the Southern States, it is not improbable that lumber for foreign markets will be largely shipped in future from the Gulf ports. In speaking of this matter, "The Northwestern Lumberman" says that the European market requires lumber cut of exact thickness, find of accurate length, trimmed so as to have the butts square and true. Space for pilling in the yards of the Old World is an object, so that random, uneven lengths are objectionable, and, since the foreign buyer insists that he shall have just what he bargains for, quality should be strictly attended to.

nurse from Boston, along lines which have been carefully laid down by Dr. Grace Peckham Murray, with the assistance and co-operation of other physicians. In addition to attendance upon the lecture, at least four or five hours of practical work daily are required from the members of the class. Much of this practical work is performed in the various hospitals, where the pupils are admitted and welcomed as assistants to the regular corps of trained nurses.

Among the subjects treated in the lectures are the observation and recording of symptoms, which must be understood in order that the doctor at each rist may receive an intelligent report of the patient's condition, the diet of the sick, and the management of helpless persons. Practical instruction is given on the dressing of wounds, methods of counter-irritation, bandaging, the making of bed and numerous other points necessary to the making of a competent sick-room attendant.

After receiving their certificate, the women who wish to become professionals register with the committee in charge of the course and are ready to take positions. They wear a uniform of dark-blue gingham, with white caps and aprons.

There was so great a demand for the services of the pupils when the classes were first organise hast spring that those interested in the work have felt encouraged to continue it on a larger scale this fall. The classes for the professionals and for those who were merely taking the course without the intention of supporting themselves thereby are kept separate, although the instruction is the same in both. The tuition fee for the former is \$12, and for the best-known physicians in New-York, amonage hours, Dr. Elizabeth M. Cushler, Dr. William H. Draper and Dr. Grace Peckham Murray.

Some of the women who have interested themselves in it are Mrs. Lloyd Brice, Mrs. Aram & Hewitt, Mrs. William G. Choate, Miss Grace Dodge, Mrs. Brayton Ives, Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, fr., Mrs. Seth Low, Miss Virginia Potter, Mrs. Acoming Clarke. To Mrs. Julius Catlin belongs the cred

